THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

WHEAT MOTH.

Being willing to add my mite to the treasury of human knowledge, I offer some observations relating to the Wheat-Moth (*Phalæna granella Linn.*). But although this specific name, applies very well to the nature of our insect, with respect to its manner of living, yet I am doubtful of its being the same; because I think ours is not of the order P. Tineæ.

Our fly approaches nearest to a species, which about the year 1760, committed most alarming devastations in France, devouring all sorts of grain; they desolated several large provinces, so that the inhabitants were reduted to a degree of famine, and the rich removed to other provinces.—See Gent. Mag. Vol. xxxiii. pages 127 and 440. I submit it to the judgment of the Editors of the Evening Fire-side, whether it would not be confering a public benefit as well as gratifying the curious cultivator, to give an extract of the whole from that Magazine, since from my own repeated examinations and observations on the manner and characters of our own insect, and comparing them with the French account of their, so accurately investigated and expressed, they seem to be almost the same species.

I shall now exhibit this subject in another view, and agreeably to its dignity introduce it by a short apostrophe.

How wondrous are thy ways, O God!

Behold the agent by which Providence in the economy of nature confines, or arrests, the ravages of this pernicious insect, in the progress of their devastations. This powerful adversary of man, falls, and is utterly consumed by the subtile *Ichneumon*, a minute, almost invisible being! My reasons for this assertion are as follow:

1. They are periodical in their invasions, the distance of time about 20 years. 2. They are more gradual in their approach than their recess—and,

3. From the following observations and examinations of the insects.

Their late return or visitation was noticed Anno. 1802. The year following they had greatly multiplied, when curious people in the country, observed amongst them in their granaries, a very small black fly, which was generally supposed to be an auxiliary, and by many considered as likely to become the most formidable assailant. The third and last year 1804, by the middle of August they had increased to a most alarming degree; the little black fly also. As I was perfectly acquainted with the mode of reproduction of the Wheat Moth, the little black fly became the object of my concern and attention. The most curious people could not discover their system of multiplication, the first step necessary to be pursued for circumscribing their increase. I at first imagined that they were allured to granaries to feed on the fine chaff, dust, or other recrement of the grain consumed by the Moth.

However, towards the autumn we began to observe that as the little black fly multiplied, the Wheat Moth decreased. I began to suspect the former to be a very minute species of Ichneumon, whose larva fed and lived on the latter.

Being now fully convinced of the sudden decrease of the Wheat Moth, and cold and frost coming on, which would prevent farther investigation, at least for this season, I resolved to give a subject so interesting as full an examination, as circumstances would admit. Taking my optical apparatus along with me, I paid a visit to my neighbour, Maj. N. Jones, who being proprietor of a grist-mill, where great quantities of grain were lodged, and who had paid paid particular attention to the progressive operations of these insects, and to whom I had communicated my suspicions of the little black fly being an Ichneumon, and instrumental in the destruction of the Wheat Moth.

By the aid of the magnifying glasses, I soon discovered that the little black flies were a species of Ichneumon. We next examined the larva of the Wheat Moth lodged in the grain, and were of opinion that we saw the minute ova of the Ichneumon, attached to the skin of the larva; but our lens not being powerful enough, and having no microscope with us, the result of our observations were not as conclusive, as may be hereafter. But whatever may have been the cause of the mortality and destruction of the Wheat Moth, the event (in consequence of the appearance and increase of the black fly) terminated as I expected and ventured to predict. For this summer (1805) few or none are to be seen in our district.

If these notices and observations on so interesting a subject should have the effect of exciting farther inquiries, and bringing to public view, the knowledge and observation of ingenious and inquisitive men, I shall think myself amply compensated for the few moments of my time employed on it.

Connected with this subject, I shall conclude with a few observations concerning other pernicious insects of our country, which should engage the attention and vigilance of men of science, and those who have the care of the public good, and particularly those who reside in the country, and ingenious cultivators or farmers.

I have observed, during a life of considerable length (being now between 60 and 70) that our noxious insects are so gradual in their increase, that we are not apprised of their destructive power, until they become too numerous for us.

to destroy them, or set limits to their mischief.

The Hessian fly was first noticed at the time of our revolution in such numbers, and its devastation so great, that the inhabitants concluded it was of foreign origin, and brought from Europe in forage by the Hessian auxiliaries.—Yet it is certain that this formidable insect is a native of America, and not found in Europe. It is highly probable from its manner of living and propagation, about roots and lower joints of the young corn sheltered by the leaves; and also when we consider, that before the introduction of wheat, it fed on graminous vegetables of this country, not so succulent and palatable as the foreign grain, together with the depredations of other insects, birds, and reptiles. But when the land became cultivated with European grain, and insects, reptiles and birds, which used to prey upon them were destroyed and driven off. This voracious fly, throve and gradually increased from year to year, until their numbers and ravages discovered themselves.

This shews the necessity of checking their increase, before their numbers become so great.

Several species of *Curculio*, which destroy our peaches, plums, apples and pears. *Bruchus pisi and Bruchus*—of Carolina, which consume peas, caravanceras, &c. *Lygaena persicæ* and other species, who destroy peach, plumb, and nectrine trees; these deposit their eggs in the bark of the trees about the roots, the egg hatches, penetrates the bark into the sap, where it feeds, enlarges, and eats round betwixt the sap and the wood, soon destroys the tree. A large species of Coccinella (Lady-cow) have of late years prodigiously multiplied and become alarming devastators of gardens: they devour every vegetable, even green tobacco, but injure us most by devouring pumpkins, squash, mellon and cucumber vines. Crioceris cucumeris (streped cucumber fly) these are too well known to require any farther account of them.—Several species of Cerambix have of late become extremely numerous and alarming. They in a little time destroy whole orchards of apple-trees, by boring the young trees full of holes just above the surface of the earth, and eating round about between the sap and the wood.—The tree soon decays, rots off, and falls to the ground. The Rose-bug have multiplied in a very alarming degree, through the negligence or inattention of the farmer and gardener; whereas if he had began in time, before they became too numerous, we might have in some degree limited their progress.

There are many more species of hurtful insects which have been noticed, and perhaps more yet that we shall know nothing of until through our inattention they discover themselves by their numbers and ravages.

W. B.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Since the publication of our last number, we have been informed that the following is the poetic effusion of a young man, who a few months after entered into a matrimonial engagement with her from whom he doubtless drew this portrait.

THE CHOICE.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What distant land the unknown fair,
" Or distant seas attain;
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
" I'd fly to meet and mingle souls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

While other bards in pleasing transports lost,
Portray the raptures of the nuptial day,
And decorate the Hymenean bower
With all the beauties of heroic verse;
Borne by their subject to the land of dreams
They fondly revel in the noon-tide blaze
Of fancied bliss and visionary joys,
Where Hymenean groves, and temples rear
Their urgent summits, to blest abodes!
Where elevated on his silver throne,
The youthful god his silken sceptre sways;
Whilst white-rob'd virgins take their festive rounds;
On golden harps congratulate his reign—
With flying fingers sweep the sounding strings—
Pour their soft numbers o'er the enchanted soul—
Lull every care—and every grief beguile.
I sing the *choice*, the *all-important* choice;
(Not less important though in secret made)
In which too often one incautious step
Embitters all the future draught of life!
When first the father of the human race,
Unstain'd, unsullied left the all-forming hand,
Tho' no diseases of the head or heart,
Upon his face their sad effusions spread,
Tho' all the grandeur of the unblasted world,
Tho' all the beauties of eternal spring,
And Autumn's fruits in one continued round—
Whate'er in nature had the power to please,
To charm the eye, or gratify the taste,
Sprung forth spontaneously to claim his choice.
Tho' no tornado hurling death around,
Shook desolation from his dragon tail,
No dire volcanos, cataracts of fire,
Pour'd consternation o'er the astonish'd world,
Or woke amazement in his blest retreat;
Tho' no commotion of the inferior tribes,
No jealous caution of enchroaching power
Alarm'd him waking or disturb'd his rest,
But universal concord reign'd around;
Yet even then, he who can never err,
Saw 'twas not meet that man should be alone,
For still he found the ev'ning prospect pleas'd,
Ev'n bliss insipid when enjoy'd alone,
Much rather now when passion takes its sway,
When blinded interest breaks the ties of blood,
And brother's carnage stains a brother's spear;
How needful 'tis that man should have a friend
To add a zest to ev'ry joy of life,
And in misfortunes, echo sigh to sigh;
Whose hand and heart the social bond confess,
No seperate wish nor seperate interest know.
But ah! what mortal can direct me where,
This true unalienable friend to find?
Is human prudence a sufficient light,
To guide his footsteps in this great pursuit?
Is headlong passion, varying as the breeze,
Which in a moment changes its extremes!
A trusty guide in this important choice?
No—he who fondly to his prudence trusts,
Or blindly follows where his passions lead,
Will find his friend a broken reed I fear,
And Hymen's silken cord an iron chain.
Do mortals then an Angel's aid require?
Yea *more* than Angel's, rightly to direct
Where to expect, and where to find a friend.
This more than Angel in the *breast* resides,
This more than Angel were its voice obey'd,
Would teach the passions when to rise or fall,
When scatter wide o'er earth's diffusive round,
And where concenter'd to a focus meet.
Yet still the fancy to the choice presents,
The future consort, and the officious muse,
Attempts the portrait of the fancied fair.
Not from the circle of fantastic dames,
Whose ev'ry pow'r of body, and of mind,
Is immolated at the shrine of ease!
From whose retreat pedantic wisdom's hurl'd,
And wit satiric keeps its distance due.
Not from such dames as gild the Gallic courts,
Would I select the partner of my life,
And fond companion of my joys and cares.
Nor would I choose her from the grovelling crowd,
Whose ev'ry nerve in one pursuit is strain'd,
And that pursuit the coffer's dusty spoil;
Who leave the mind its scanty stores to glean,
from the donations of capricious chance.
Such are the daughters of those brawny dames,
Who tow their husbands o'er the streams of Rhine.
But from the medium should my choice be made;
A courteous damsel with a figure blest,
By no distortion painful to the sight,
Nor yet too fair lest beauty should deceive!
Whose outward charms should not be unimprov'd,
Nor should her person *much* engross her care,
But the improvement of each mental grace,
The first, last object of her care should be.
Who could without one anxious sigh resign,
The gayest circles for her home and me.
Whose face no rigid sullines should gloom,
Nor causeless simper speak the vacant mind.
Who, form'd for friendship felt its force alike,
When fortune's aspect brighten'd with a smile,
Or ills forboding darken'd to a frown.
Whose native sense by prudent care improv'd,
Could cheer the rigid Philosophic hour;
And yet, whose softness and inviting grace,
Could soften down the rougher mind of man;
Whose social converse cheer the road of life,
And spotless virtue point the path to peace.

L.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

When a man has employed his time and talents in the investigation of subjects of public utility, he is entitled to respectful attention, although his communication be not made precisely in the best manner. But it is very discouraging to the ardour of pursuit, when the generous labourer in the field of science is subject to the lash of every pretender to criticism, and re-

ceives no reward for his toil, save the contemptuous sneer of inflated ignorance. This appears to me the relative situation of HERBARIUS and UN PETIT CENSEUR.

On perusing the useful information respecting the properties of the *Lupulus* or *Hop*, I considered myself, as a member of the community, indebted to HERBARIUS for the benevolence of his design, in making public the virtues he ascribes to that plant. It is not, to be sure, performed with the easy grace of a polished writer; but is not his turgid style to be attributed to the nature of his study, rather than to the pitiful vanity of using high-sounding terms that he may be accounted learned? "Words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven." It is admitted that the cultivators of science, are often blame worthy, for paying too little court to the "daughters of earth;" but must their honest worth, on that account, be made to bow down before the tinsel of a mere word-hunter, who is like the *Petit Maitre*, often possessing no merit, except what resides in his finery? The latter looks with contempt on the coarse-clad rustic, and remarks with a sneer, how high he lifts his clodhoppers on a smooth pavement, where himself can pace along with all the gracefulness of easy motion. Similar to this is the conduct of your pert scribbler, who, because HERBARIUS has used some uncouth terms, assails him with the weapons of ridicule—often the resource of imbecility: for it frequently happens, that the most superficial reasoner, gains an advantage over his opponent, by some laughter-moving quirk or facetious drollery, unconnected with the truth of the question, which certainly ought, in every investigation, to be the primary object.

Had your PETIT CENSEUR directed himself to the inquiry, whether or not the Hop possessed the virtues ascribed to it, his unhandsome attack would not have drawn from me a reply; but instead of this he diverts himself with sundry ingrammaticisms, which, being typographical errors, it is unfair to attribute to the writer; yet he harps upon them in such a manner, as to induce a belief that he is proud of the discovery.

In attempting to discredit the abilities of HERBARIUS, your PETIT CENSEUR has meddled with things apparently beyond his reach, and has rendered peculiarly applicable to himself the advice he has given to another, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." He accuses the "thick headed" Chemists of teaching that the "fermentation and putrefaction of an animal substance are the same thing." This, they well know is not correct; but as he may not know better, we will endeavour, as far as ability will permit, to give him a more just view of the subject.

Fermentation is a term which Chemists have employed to describe those mutual decompositions which take place in a variety of substances. In vegetables they have discovered five apparently different fermentations; but animal substances, they have not been able to observe with equal accuracy, on account of the rapid decomposition which takes place in those substances, after the extinction of life. In many of these, therefore, the putrefactive fermentation is the only one which presents itself to our senses; but it is not universally the case. Milk affords an exception. The wandering hordes of the East have long been in the habit of obtaining their spirituous liquors from this substance, which must therefore be susceptible of a fermentation other than the putrefactive. Parmentier describes it as capable of undergoing the vinous fermentation; and Scheele confirms it by his observation. It is hence demonstrable, that in animal substances putrefaction and fermentation are not "the same thing."

The next error into which your little censor has fallen is, that fermentation or putrefaction cannot take place in the fluids of a living body. Here also we will endeavour to set him right, if he will preserve his mind open to information.

The result of fermentation is found to be a new combination of the substances subject to its operation, and this Chemists have agreed to call the product of fermentation. Now *putridity* is allowed to be the *product* of putrefactive fermentation, and implies the extinction of life; but, *a putrescent state of the fluids* is a term of frequent occurrence, in medical writers, both ancient and modern, in treating of diseases: and what meaning can we give to the term, but that of *rendering putrid*, and this is merely another mode of expression for putrefactive fermentation. But to place the matter beyond a doubt, we will quote for him a passage in which almost the same words are used to eexpress precisely what HERBARIUS has advanced: in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia, speaking of a putrid effluvium arising from the decomposition of animal substances, they mention that there is spread around "a smell of the most insupportable kind," "affecting the bodies of *living animals* after the manner of a *ferment, capable of altering the fluids.*" After this, it would be useless to multiply proof, since it is difficult to conceive of one more in point than the present. But ere my pen is consigned the stand, I would offer a word of advice to UN PETIT CENSEUR. When any one pretends to canvass the opinions he sees advanced, it ought to be done with modest reserve, no taunting or raillery should proceed from his lips, for this argues a want of breeding. I would also have him to remember that

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

A little "knowledge puffeth up" but true wisdom ever tends to humility. That he may cultivate this with an ardour proportionate to the importance of the object, is the wish of one who is desirous that in every research the chief attention may be directed to the discovery of

THE TRUTH.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO THE HIGHLANDS—*By Thomas Wilkinson.*

While over many a Highland hill I stray,
And pick through many a glen my devious way,
On every side I cast my wondering eyes,
Where lakes expand, or rugged mountains rise;
And still I find new pleasures as I go,
Wherever hills ascend, or waters flow;
But backward oft my silent musings stray,
Among the charming groves of Inveray.
Not fresher lawns on Albion's bosom smile,
Not taller forests crown the fruitful isle,
Not bolder hills our southern skies invade,
Nor boast our winding vales a deeper shade;
Argyle! would other wealthy lords agree
To clothe with wood their naked plains, like thee,
To bid the rocks with infant forests spring,
And call the birds on silent hills, to sing,
The vacant hand of poverty employ,
And fill her cottages with humble joy;
Rocks now in barren majesty array'd,
Would then be cloth'd in beauty's softest shade,
Among her hills then would the natives stray,
Nor seek for happier fortunes far away.
Then would this land increasing thousands bear,
And o'er the seas her cheerful mountains rear.
But not these bold luxuriant scenes confine
My wandering search, or stay a heart like mine.
I love to pierce the peasant's humble cell,
I love to see how all my brethren dwell;
And sure, it fits a social mind to trace,
The various lots assign'd to human race.
Peace to the humble swain! whose simple lot,
Is bounded by the narrow highland cot.
Joy to the noble, hospitable breast!
Whose pillow sinks the stranger into rest;
Whose ready board his every want supplies,
Whose converse bids his drooping spirits rise.
Such have I found the highland vales among,
Such kindness well may warm my grateful song.
Ye hills farewell! if ne'er I rest again,
On the dear bosom of my native plain,
Of *highland scenes* my tongue will often tell,
My heart will long on highland kindness dwell:
Nor will—I trust, oblivion soon efface

From the remembrance of this generous race,
The pious toils, my lov'd companions bore,
Where men like us were never seen before;
The voice of love their deepest vallies found,
Along the mountains rang the gospel sound.
Sweet was the sound, and powerful was the call,
To heaven, within the happiness of all!
The modest highland maid, the aged dame,
The cottager and chief together came,
Silent they sat, and marveil'd when they knew
That gospel love so far its votaries drew.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

[The lapse of time between the appearance of the following piece, and the subjects of its animadversion, is occasioned by our not having heard from the writer until a few days since—and now by his consent we present it to our readers a little modified.]

I have just now read your 34th No. and observed two answers to the queries of HUSBAND in your preceding paper. These queries, no doubt, manifested a want of philosophic information in their propounder; but was that a vice? Did it deserve the abuse, which PHILOSOPHORUM, in his gingling nonsense, has so liberally poured upon them? If decent querists are to be treated with opprobrious names, will not modesty and diffidence be for ever discouraged from obtaining information through the medium of the Evening Fire-side? If our querist shewed a want of philosophic knowledge, what kind of knowledge do the first four lines of PHILOSOPHORUM display? They appear to me a jumble of words without any definite meaning; and such I think they must appear to every reader, were they stripped of their gingle.

In the answer of PHILLIDA it is stated, that "the cold one [pitcher] condensing the vapour in the atmosphere, it descended upon the pitcher." Is this an accurate definition? Did the cold pitcher condense the vapour before it reached it, and afterward attract it down upon it, as this definition seems to indicate? I should suppose rather that the cold pitcher condensed, and by that means caught the vapour as it floated or passed by it.—The criterion here given to determine pure water, I take to be very inadequate to the purpose; many of the wells in the hilly parts of our country, furnish hard water that will neither lather nor wash, and yet these waters are found quite healthy for drink; whilst all our runs of water, and even filthy stagnant ponds, exposed to the rays of the sun, are perfectly soft to the touch, and lather well.

A COUNTRYMAN.

8th M. 12th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

When the dusky wing of night,
Hover'd o'er the dewy glade,
And the moon her silver light,
Darted 'mid the poplar shade.

Pensive from my humble *cot*,
Inclination bade me stay,
Where I might some cooler spot;
Find to close a sultry day.

Silence hush'd the world to peace,
Nought was heard upon the hill;
In the valley save the *Geese*,
Every thing was *mighty* still.

Heedless of the path I took,
Wrapt in meditative mood;
Wand'ring down a purling brook,
Thus I mus'd in solitude:—

SOLILOQUY.

"Now no more on "*cautious wing*,"
ARIEL from his *secret* "*cell*,"
Sails around the *muses spring*;
He has bid us all farewell.

Now I'll *haunt* the *holy ground*,
Now I'll tempt the *height sublime!*
Reptiles sometimes crawl around,
Sometimes up Parnassus climb;

Now descending from the mount,
Wishing ARIEL worlds of *wealth*;
Now I'll seek the "*sacred fount*,"
Now I'll drink his *honour's* health.

Shall I wake the sons of song,
Who a death-like silence keep,
Lo! they now have slept so long,
I'm afraid they'll always sleep!

Come Sylvanus* walk once more,
Out "to seek a mossy cave,"
But thy distance as before,
Keep from where the *lasses lave*.

TOBY† shed thy *twinkling* ray,
Lightning bugs may cheer the night;
Tho' *phosphoric* some may say,
Still they give a little light.

TIMID‡ too among the rest,
Anxious to obtain a wife;
Is he likely to be *blest*,
Or to live a single life.

If he always treat the fair,
In the way he treated me;
I am *sure* I do not care,
If he *ever* married be.

Now ye poets one and all,
Tho' my mind has *dwelt* on few;
As the damp begins to fall,
I must bid you all adieu.

SALLY BASHFUL.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

Truth is pleasing, wherever attainable, on any subject connected with the economy of human life: and for this special reason, that doubt and uncertainty lead into laborious and painful enquiries, which remain as burdens on the mind: and truth is no less profitable, in leading in the shortest rout to well-being; and as soon as it has been discovered in any channel of inquiry, the mind is relieved of that labour, and liberated to engage in other useful pursuits; many of which necessarily fall within the compass of our social and moral duties:—so that the more readily we arrive at truth, in any pursuit, the more rapid and extensive will be our progress in the acquirement of *practical knowledge*; which is the chief end of ratiocination.

The query in your paper of some weeks past, was so well answered by "J. P." in your 34th number; and is so sufficient for the purpose required, that nothing but his having neglected to supply the rationaliæ of the scheme, exposed yourselves and your readers to the expense and trouble of a second theory: which deficiency I claim indulgence for offering to supply.

The vulgar reason of the rule suggested by J. P. is, that a pound is $\frac{8}{1}$ of a dollar, and a dollar $\frac{1}{8}$ of a pound, Pennsylvania currency. But the mathematical principle of the rule is founded on the ratio of an equalizing *common measure*, dividing sums and amounts of various nominal values to the standard of a common comparative denominator: which at once answers for calculating the relative proportionate valuations of all coins and currencies.

[Instead of following our author here through the detailed mode of operation, we will take the liberty to refer the reader to that part of arithmetic which shews how to reduce various fractions to one common denominator, while we proceed with satisfaction to his excellent conclusion.]

But it is of primary importance in dividing your pounds and dollars, to consider their *real* as well as their *nominal* valuation: to which end perhaps no rule can be more practically useful than that furnished by *the poor widow and her two mites*. Consider with your heart, in the stillness of truth, what a friend of *genuine benevolence* and *vital charity*, has sprung up in christendom, during the term of near two thousand years, from the deposit of so inconsiderable a seed; while the incalculable millions, extorted by systematic coercion, and piled up into *palaces*, *walls*, *towers*, *ramparts*, *hanging gardens*, *colossial statutes*, &c. in

* See SYLVANUS, No. 25.
† TOBY TWINKLE, last No.
‡ TOM TIMID, No. 11. & 23.

ancient Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Athens, Rome, &c. &c. have been all crumbled into dust, and been puffed away and obliterated from the face of nature, by the breath of time and power of retributive justice. Such, and so disproportionate are the products of *seed sown for time, and for eternity.*

CALCULATOR.

August 21, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On the shipwreck of Edith Lovell and Joseph Sparrow, who perished on their passage from Cork to Bristol, 1782.—*Addressed to her sister Ann, by her friend M. S.*

O thou pale moon, who lead'st the shining throng,
In silent pomp, the sable heavens along!
Say, why didst thou, with inauspicious light,
Beam on the forehead of that gloomy night,
When the tall ship, in all her gallant pride,
Convey'd her treasure o'er the foaming tide,
Nor saw the dang'rous sands which hidden lay,
Where death, in dreary ambush, waits his prey?
Her course is stopp'd.—Ah what can now avail
The mast fair tow'ring, and the swelling sail!
Her busting sides remorseless billows cleave,
And ten-fold horrors crowd with every wave;
While death, slow rising from his secret bed,
Heaves high above the wave his ghastly head.
That was the night, inscrib'd by many a tear,
Which, stamp'd with sorrow, seal'd the closing year:
That was the night which bade from many a heart,
The gentle brood of treasur'd joy depart:
For every heart feels its peculiar sore,
And mine shall long remember and deplore
That fatal night and that o'erwhelming tide,
When LOVEL perish'd, and when SPARROW died.
Oh! much-lov'd Edith, whose devoted mind,
The comforts of domestic joys resign'd,
And left her home in arduous tasks to move,
Drawn by the golden cord of heavenly love!
Sweet from her lips the pious precepts flow'd,
The pious precepts in her conduct glow'd.
In her pure heart as in a sacred dome,
The modest virtues found a peaceful home.
Their beams which mortal mould could not disguise,
Shone on her guiltless front and gracious eyes.
But chief humility adorn'd her breast,
And with superior lustre crown'd the rest.
Deep in the lowly vale she lov'd to stay;
That vale where wisdom pours her purest ray;
Can I forget with what engaging art,
Her winning manners stole upon my heart!
That matron dignity with ease combin'd,
That chaste reserve with social sweetness join'd,
Express'd the finest feelings of the mind.
While from her virtuous consort far remov'd,
Whom as her own unspotted soul she lov'd;
While from her tender babes oblig'd to part,
Whose infant graces twin'd around her heart.
If e'er her blameless thoughts had leave to roam,
They fled delighted to her native home.
On the lov'd theme how fondly would she dwell,
While tenderest passions her soft bosom swell.
Thou partner of her gentle heart forbear,
For her return thus fondly to prepare;
Suppress that ardent wish, that anxious eye,
And crush those hopes which must so quickly die.
Stretch not sweet babes your little arms in vain,
Nor of your mother's tedious stay complain.
Ask not your sire if 'tis for her delay
He weeps so sore, and what has caus'd his stay?
Oh he must tell what you must long deplore,
That your kind mother will return no more.
When death's cold hand lay heavy on her head;
No spouse, no children round her dying bed,
Receiv'd in speechless grief her dear command,
Catch her last look, and grasp her clay-cold hand!
Yet in that hour your duties to supply,
In that dread hour one faithful friend was nigh.
O SPARROW it was thou; thy generous soul
The near approach of death could not controul.
Though thou wert skill'd the rolling floods to brave,
And dash with nervous arm the opposing wave;
Tho' the blest boat the happy few convey'd,
And on the grateful shore in safety laid;
When thus to 'scape was to thy friend deny'd,
Pent in the fatal vessel's gloomy side,
Thou left'st her not, resolv'd her fate to find,
Sure then divine composure cloth'd thy mind!
Yet o'er the deadly wave thy soul oppress'd,
While life's last gasp still struggled in thy breast,
Did not one pang thy mother's anguish own,
Did not thy lov'd Maria claim one groan?
She, widow'd maid, with modest step no more
Unseen and silent seeks the sandy shore;
O'er the white wave directs her piercing eye,
And fondly hopes the expected sail to spy;
No more at thy return the fair prepares,
To bid thy anxious heart resign its cares;
To crown thy constant love, to yield her hand,
And leave with thee her home and native land.
Ah no! oppress'd with grief she mourns thee lost,
With eyes averted from the luckless coast.
On her pale cheek consuming sorrow feeds;
And deep within her gentle bosom bleeds.
Veil not, sweet mourning maid, those wat'ry eyes,
Nor check the tribute of those pious sighs;
Claim'd by the faithful love, the spotless truth,
And matchless merit of this hopeful youth.
When to thy banks, O seas, the news was borne,
What tears increas'd thy flood that woeful morn.
O'er fair Clonmell a cloud of sorrows hung,
And SPARROW's name dwelt on each fault'ring tongue;
Lov'd in his life, lamented in his end;
The candid, gen'rous, warm, and faithful friend.
The charms of social converse well he knew,
Yet kept the holy limits still in view.
Oh what a son! Thy parents true can say,
Thou never griev'd them till that fatal day.
Dear to thy father as his precious sight,
Not with such pangs he lost the golden light.
Fraternal love enlarg'd thy spotless mind,
Whilst precept with example's force combin'd.
Tho' thou my Anna pour'st the tender tear,
Sure thou art spar'd thy parent's hearts to cheer.
O just prepar'd to take the dang'rous way;
But providential care decreed thy stay:
Else had'st thou shar'd thy brother's wat'ry tomb,
And left thy hapless friend to wail *thy* dome;
Another pang thy parents then would know,
Another spring, would swell their stream of wo!
While on thy drooping sire whom sorrow bends,
Thy yet remaining brother fondly tends;
Thy Mother's tears *thy* filial care demand,
Approach and wipe them with thy gentle hand.
See, wrapt in grief the mourning matron lies,
Still fix'd on earth, her sadly streaming eyes!
While every thought on her lost darling turns,
In fruitless agony she fondly mourns.
So good old Jacob mourn'd his Joseph dead,
And bow'd in dust his venerable head;
Yet liv'd this long-lost son in foreign lands,
To close his father's eyes with duteous hands.
But not for *thee* such pleasing prospects rise,
Thy Joseph never more must glad thine eyes;
Cold lie his bones in everlasting sleep,
Hears'd in the caverns of the dreary deep.
Ah had wise heaven ordain'd his early grave,
And youth and health been impotent to save—
To sooth with tender care the restless bed,
Watch the dim eye and raise the languid head;
Decent in earth his dear remains to lay,
And all the sacred rites of sorrow pay.—
These duties might then be some sad relief,
And lenient time might heal the wound of grief!
But oh! what hand can wipe the bitter tear,
Which rains incessant on the untimely bier?
Ye blessed shades, a pitying ear incline!
(For sure compassion dwells in seats divine.)
If what the world calls pain can touch your breast,
Or human sorrows reach your place of rest,
Implore that righteous hand which struck the blow,
To pour sweet comfort in the cup of wo.
Thou tender mother and thou consort kind,
Wilt ask a boon for him thou left behind;
For thy sweet babes, their infant steps to stay,
And wipe the tears of innocence away:
For sure their anguish touch'd thy guiltless soul,
While earthly bonds did yet its flight controul!
And thou lov'd youth wilt consolation crave,
For those whose sorrows swell thy wat'ry grave!
For thy fond parents sunk in grief profound,
And her to whom thy faithful heart was bound:
Thy gentle sister and thy brother dear,
Whose youthful blooms are stain'd with many a tear.
Oh if to you the welcome task's assign'd,
To sooth with hand unseen each kindred mind,
Wisper, while soft the healing balm you shed,
Enough has nature mourn'd, enough has bled:
Tell them still ling'ring on the ruthless main,
You strove to reach the destin'd port in vain:
That now you're landed on a happier shore,
And the last conflict of your souls is o'er:
Tho' you beheld tumultuous billows throng,
And near, and yet more near felt death among;
Still you possess'd that spark of heavenly joy,
Which waters could not quench, nor floods destroy.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Perhaps their is no subject, more interesting in its nature, or more important in its effects on the human mind, than to be furnished with correct ideas in regard to what constitutes real religion; and an experimental knowledge of, and practical acquaintance with the teachings of the holy spirit; it being this, that must lay the foundation for the enjoying of happiness even in this life; and obedience to the discoveries of that wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths peace (to the attentive mind) that will cleanse from the pollutions of nature, and eventually fit the soul for the glorious enjoyments that are prepared for those, whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.—Under those considerations the following little extract from the writings of the pious Fenelon are forwarded for in sertion in the Evening Fire-side, if it meets the approbation of the Editors.

M.

8*th mo.* 8*th*, 1805.

On the Inward Teaching of God's Holy Spirit.

It is certain from scripture, Rom. viii. John xiv. that the spirit of God dwelleth in us, that it acts there, that it there prays without ceasing, that it there asks for us

what we ourselves know not how to ask for, that it animates us, speaks to us in silence, suggests all truth to us, and unites us so to itself, that we become one spirit with God. *He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit.* I Cor. vi. 17.

This is what the teachers who are furthest removed from the inward life cannot avoid acknowledging. Yet notwithstanding these principles, in their practice, they aim at supposing, that the outward written law, or at most a certain light derived from scripture and reasoning, is what inwardly enlightens us, and that afterwards our reason acts of itself from that instruction. They esteem not enough that inward teacher, which is the Holy Spirit, and which effects all in us. He is the soul of our soul: we could not form a thought or desire but through him. Alas, how great then is our blindness! we esteem ourselves as if alone in this inward sanctuary; and, quite the contrary, God is more intimately there than we ourselves.

Perhaps it will be said, what then are we inspired? Yes, without doubt. Without the actual inspiration of the spirit of grace, we could neither do, will, or believe any good. We are then always inspired, but we incessantly stifle this inspiration. God ceases not to speak, but the noise and hurry of things without, and our passions within, deafen, and hinder us from attending to him. We must silence every creature, we must silence ourselves also, to hear, in a profound stillness of the soul, this inexpressible voice of Christ, the bridegoom of our souls. We must be very attentive, for it is a soft and still voice, which is not to be heard but by those who listen to it alone. O how seldom does the soul keep silence enough to let God speak! The lowest whisper of our vain desires, or self-love attentive to itself, disturbs all the words of the spirit of God. We hear plain enough that he asks for something; but we know not what he says, and are often glad not to understand it. The smallest reserve, the least regard for self, the least fear of understanding too plainly, that God asks more than we are willing to give him, disturbs this inward voice. Shall we be surprised then, if so many, even pious persons, but still full of amusements, vain desires, false wisdom and confidence in their own virtues, cannot hear it, and regard this inward voice as a fanatical chimera. Alas, what would they be at by their disdainful reasonings? To what purpose would the outward word of teachers be, and even of the scriptures, if it were not for the inward voice of the holy spirit, which gives them all their efficacy? The outward word of the gospel itself, without this living efficacious word within, would be but an empty sound. It is the letter *that alone* killeth, and the spirit *that alone* giveth life. O word, O eternal and all powerful word of the Father, it is thou that speakest in the bottom of our souls! That word which proceeded out of the mouth of our Saviour during the days of his mortal life, would not have had so much virtue, nor been productive of such fruits on earth, but because it was animated by this word of life, which is the word itself. This made Peter say, *Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.* John vi. 68.

It is not then only the outward law of the gospel, which God shews us inwardly by the light of reason and faith; it is his spirit that speaks, that moves us, that operates in us, and animates us: so that it is this spirit, which does in us all the good we do, as it is our soul that animates our body, and regulates all its motions. It is then true that we are continually inspired, and that we do not live the life of grace, but so far as we partake of this inward inspiration. But, O my God, few christians are sensible of this; for there are very few, who by their voluntary dissipation, or their resistance, do not destroy it. This inspiration instils into us obedience, patience, sweetness, humility, and all the other virtues necessary to every christian. It is an invitation in the bottom of the soul to obedience and resignation, suitable to the designs of the love of God: it contains not in itself any presumptive or illusive snare: on the contrary it preserves us in the hands of God, attributing every thing to grace, without destroying our liberty; and leaving nothing to pride, or imagination.

EDUCATION.

The education of children is one of the most important duties of human life, I mean so far as it relates to their moral conduct.——It was, in a great degree, from the system of morals established by Lycurgus, and persevered in by the Spartans, that the Lacedæmonian commonwealth maintained its independence, amidst the wars and commotions which surrounded it, for five hundred years. Plutarch attributes the turbulent and seditious state of the Romans, in the early ages of the republic, to the want of a system of education, which Numa neglected to introduce among his regulations for the government of the state. But when the Romans arrived to a very great degree of consequence and power they paid, proper attention to the morals and education of youth. The most eminent women employed themselves in forming the manners and minds of young children. It is said that Cornelia Aurelia and Attia, mothers of the Gracchi, Julius Cæsar and Augustus, were governesses to the children of Noblemen. To this system may be attributed the rise of those great and brilliant characters who brought the republic to its full growth and maturity.——Some of the most wealthy nobles kept grammarians in their houses, for the purpose of instructing their children——but generally the Roman youth were sent to the grammar schools to qualify them for the Forum. Tully reports that the Gracchi were educated *non tam in Gremio, quam in sermone Matris*——and that C. Curio, who was considered as the third orator of his time, received only a private education. The author of the Dialogue *de Oratoribus* (either Quintilian or Tacitus) ascribes the great corruption of manners, which broke out among the Romans in after times, to the neglect of parents in regard to the morals and education of children, which were then commonly committed to the care of a Grecian female slave, and one or two male domestics—in like manner as people in the West-Indies, and some of the southern states, commit their children to the care of negroes.

A meditation written by a young women some time before her death.

And thus begins—"Oh my soul! let us retire a little from the world, let us sit down and consider; let us enter into my closet, and shut the doors about us; we have much to think of, much to ponder over, much to do, my faith may want strengthening, my practice may want quickening; it will therefore be proper, and it is also delightful, to think steadfastly a while on those important truths, I give my assent to.—I believe there is a God, that is a perfect being, who is the one great cause and author of all things, and the final end of all intelligent creatures: he is therefore my creator, and my final end, to him therefore I dedicate all the rational faculties with which he has en-

dowed my soul, and all the active powers with which he has endowed my body.—Oh my soul! how glorious a gift is it, that he gives me powers, that he has given me room to improve the works of his hands; that I may extend the talents he has given me beyond their first limits, and return them to him enlarged, improved, exalted. Let me then daily employ this advantage, and let my reasoning powers of reading, hearing, reasoning, praying be extended to their utmost, and used to my own advantage. Let every affliction of my soul, be guided by the light of reason, so that I may rejoice and be glad all the days of my life, and reflect a thousand years to come, with joy and comfort on the manner in which I now employ my every faculty. A thousand years did I say? yes, oh my soul! when numeration fails, and eternity but seems to begin; so important is this short span we spend in this life, that upon it depends our thousand years. Oh my soul! let us meditate on that truth we so firmly believe, even the great event of unspeakable mercy, the life and death of God, the God, who created me, died to redeem me. To redeem me from what? from sin. And shall I then submit to its dominion? shall I fall a sacrifice to those unruly passions which he has vouchsafed to break the force of, that I may conquer and live? no, I will run the race he has setbefore me, and subdue every struggling passion in my bosom, till all is calm within, and conscience, reason and religion reign triumphant in my soul. Then shall every blessing give a double pleasure; then shall every trouble feel but half its weight; then shall death, grim tyrant of the wicked and thoughtless, lose its sting. Let me meditate however, a little on that, still awful, event, that is, the death of my body, for, oh my soul! thou shalt live when I appear to die, when this poor crazy body shall be no longer able to support thee, then shall thou my better self, fly away; and my body shall moulder away, and become the food of worms, and mingle with the dust. I said above, my soul should fly away. Ah, whither shall it fly! whithersoever my life in world dooms it; it will either sink into irrecoverable misery, or ascend into the regions of joy and gladness; rejoicing at its reflection and prospect.—Since these things are so, it behooves us to take care to be ready;—I am to die—and what is death; it is leaving things present and seen, for things unseen and unknown; it is an event on which eternity depends; it is a time when it is fit nothing should be left to be done, since it is not how we die, but how we live, that entitles us to mercy or dooms us to misery. Oh my soul! and oh my body! leave nothing then to repent of; but let me live the life of the righteous, that my last end may be like unto his. How will it relieve the pains and struggles of that cold hour, to reflect that all was done that could be done to improve the hours lent, and to draw out the sting of death. How will this retrospect cast the mind on a glorious prospect; how cheering, how transporting will it be, to look up with humble hope to the saviour of the world, and have all the glories of heven open before me.—And may I, even, I hope so to live as thus to die; am I indeed capable of enjoying the presence of God to all eternity, and by righteousness here, live for ever and ever in happiness hereafter. Oh my God, I cast myself down at thy feet, beseeching thee, to assist the intentions of thy creature; what thou commandest I will obey; what thou promisest, I will pursue; what thou hast forbid, I will fly from, what thou sendest I will submit to, knowing that justice and wisdom, knowledge and mercy are with thee. Give me a perfect heart and a willing mind, prepare me but for life or death, and both are equal. And may that blessed saviour, whose mercy is unspeakable, accept the praise, the thanks, the adorations, the worship I now pray, for all his wonderful love; may he be pleased to look down on me and hear the vows I make of employing my talents to his glory here, that I may be fitted to join in hallelujahs to him, to the father, and the holy ghost, for ever and ever, Amen."

Such were the pious breathings of this young woman, how well prepared for the summons.

[*Lad. Mag.*]

ANECDOTE.

THE CHRISTIAN INDIAN.

An Indian passing through the plantation of a gentleman of Pennsylvania, overcome by the heat of the day, asked the planter for a draught of small-beer. 'You shall have no beer,' replied the gentleman angrily. 'Give me a cup of water, for I am really parched with drought.' 'You shall have no water neither, get you about your business you Indian dog! The savage withdrew a few yards, looked back, and viewep the gentleman's face with much eagerness and attention, and without making the least reply, went away.

The planter some time after was a hunting, and happened to miss his way, pursued a retrogade direction from home. Night coming on, he was much concerned, and seeing an Indian cottager, he enquired the road to his plantation. 'Sir, said the rustic, you are fourteen miles from the place you mentioned; to walk so far in the night will rather prove dangerous, as the wild beasts of the forest are coming out for their prey. You are welcome to the shelter of my cot during the night. It is just by this place, and you shall be welcome to what it affords.' The gentleman, through necessity, accepted the offer, and went to the hut. The Indian and his spouse set before him some milk, coarse bread, and what they had. They made up a bed of skins after supper, and when the planter laid down, they covered him with others, and then wishing him a good repose, promised to awake him in the morning by the time of sun rising. Accordingly the faithful Indian kept his word. 'Arise, Sir, the sun is up: the wild beasts are retired, and you may walk in safety.' The gentleman got up, and having eaten a little of the food of the hospitable Indian, was retiring, when the cottager, taking his gun over his arm, desired him to follow. The Indian went on before, about twelve miles, when he suddenly turned back, and looking sternly on the planter, said, 'Do you not know me, Sir?' The planter now trembled; at last he feebly replied, 'I think I have seen your face.' 'Yes you have, Sir, returned the Indian; I am the man who solicited you for a draught of small-beer, or water, lately, when I passed by your gate. In vain I asked! but be not intimidated; you are perfectly safe; you have but two miles farther to go. Farewell, but no more call a fellow-creature an Indian dog!'—The barbarian planter, devoid of gratitude, sneaked away home. The poor Christian Indian (though deemed a savage) returned to his cot, rejoicing, self-approved, and pleased at the favourable opportunity of displaying his philanthropy.

[*Christian's Mag.*]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—On the 28th ult. the brig Belleisle, Capt. Leach, arrived at Salem in 66 days from Naples. About eight days before he sailed, news arrived there, that General Eaton, at the head of the small Amer-

ican force which had been detached from our Mediterranean squadron, and the troops collected by the rival brother of the Bashaw of Tripoli, had had an engagement with the Tripolines at Derna—on which side victory was declared we do not learn; but it was said that General Eaton's army suffered most severely, and that every American was killed, except Mr. Eaton, who was wounded in the shoulder.

The effect of the battle, however, was an immediate negociation for peace, to assist at which Col. Lear went from Malta to Tripoli; and two days before Captain L. sailed, dispatches were received from Col. Lear at Naples, bringing the important and glorious intelligence, that a PEACE highly honourable to the United States had been concluded, and of course the Americans who had been so long suffering in captivity released. Captain Leach we understand, brings dispatches for our government, so that we may expect shortly to have the official details of the battle, the negociation, and the terms of peace.

The American squadron had not left Malta when this affair took place; and there was no intelligence at Naples of the gun-boats from the United States having joined them. Commodore Barron, after he found the negoctation was in a promising train, sailed for the United States, on account of ill state of health.

"Intelligence has reached this place, that an English fleet of nine sail of the line, with frigates and transports, are at anchor in the mouth of St. John's river, and that their object is the conquest of Florida. The Spaniards are extremely alarmed, and all is bustle and confusion." Should this account be correct, and there is every reason to believe it is, the Floridas will probably soon exhange masters. The mouth of St. John's river is ten leagues and a half from Augustine, which will probably be the first object of attack.

A letter recently received from Gibraltar states, that Lord Nelson had arrived at that place, having been unsucessful in his pursuit of the combined French and Spanish fleets; and that he immediately proceeded to the Westward in search of them."

It also adds, "That 11,000 Spanish troops were encamped at the north front of Gibraltar, from which the garrison daily expected to be attacked.

London.—The Parliament of G. Britain has been prorogued by commission, with a speech read by the Lord Chancellor, stating "That his majesty has not yet been enabled to communicate the result of the negociations, in which he is engaged with the continental powers, and expressing his determination to omit no step that may promote such a concert, or furnish the means of repelling with vigour the encroachments of the enemy upon the independence of Europe."

The preparations for the invasion of England are continued with increased activity; troops, to the amount of between 150 and 200,000 are now in motion along the coast; and the flotilla at Boulogne consists of not less than 2000 vessels. Bonaparte is on his return to France by way of the Rhine, and is expected shortly on the coast, where he is to be met by the Minister of War. In Holland, too the preparations appear to be very active. Gen. Marmount is now at the Helder, inspecting the military, and Adm. De Winter is appointed commander in chief of the fleet to be employed in the expedition. On the whole it appears highly probable that the attempt at invasion will not be much longer delayed. It is considered as certain at Paris that the Republican Kalendar will soon be entirely laid aside. Several Public officers, even in their official documents, already make use of the old.

The London List of new publications for one month mentions, 2 agricultual, 8 on antiquities, 3 on architecture, 11 on the arts, 4 biographical, 6 botanical, 8 historical, 3 on law, 7 medical, 6 military 1 on mineralogy, 20 miscellaneous, 13 novels and romances, 3 philosophical, 16 poetical, 15 political, 15 religious, 3 topographical, 2 of voyages, and an almost infinite number of songs and pieces of music.

Domestic.

HEATLH-OFFICE, Sept. 2d, 1805.

Resolved, That the Physicians and inhabitants be requested to send information to the Health-office, of the names and places of abode, of any persons labouring under any disease within their knowledge.

Resolved, That, from this date, a statement of the new cases of malignant fever, that may come to the knowledge of the Board from the City and Liberties, be published daily.

Summary of the City Hospital Report.

	Admitted.	Died.	Discharged	Cured.
3rd inst.	4			
4th do.	4	3	2	
5th do.	3	3		
6th do.	6	1	3	

Remaining in the hospital 21, four of whom are convalescent.

HEALTH-OFFICE, Sept. 4, 1805.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Since our last address, the Malignant Fever has made considerable progress in Southwark, but is still confined, with very few exceptions, between Second street and the river, and between Almond and Christian streets. Very few cases have appeared within the limits of the city, and these have been traced to intercourse with the infected part of Southwark.

We therefore earnestly recommend to our fellow citizens not only to avoid visiting the sick, but to avoid visiting or transacting any business in the neighbourhood where the disease exists.

To prevent the danger from intercourse with the infected, the board are determined to continue the use of the most efficacious means: and they are persuaded that their fellow citizens will aid them in the prosecution of measures, which have *their* preservation for their immediate object, and, if supported by their co-operation, the board feel assured that they shall still be able under Divine favour, to retard the progress of the disease and prevent it from being general, if not entirely suppress it.

By order of the Board,

EBENEZER FERGUSON, *President.*

WILLIAM BINDER, *Secretary.*

Interments in the different burial grounds in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 24th to the 31st ult. Adults 31—Children 30—Total 61.

Deaths in the city of New-York, from the 17th to the 24th ult. Adults 25—Children 37—Total 62. And

From the 24th to the 31st. Adults 21—Children 33—Total 54.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLOWMAN'S communication was received after the arrangement for this Number was completed. It shall obtain a ready insertion next week.

ALONZENO possesses many good qualities—and also some defects. To the latter we would turn the attention of the writer, desiring him to recollect that in serious pieces the strictest scrutiny is necessary, that the purity of expression may be suited to the dignity of the subject. We hope to be favoured with an improved copy.

C—N'S lines seem to be the production of a youthful mind, which has mistaken good will for good sense, and the warmth of feeling for the powers of song.

RICHARD BASHFUL, a bachelor, begs our advice, in a complaint of diffidence. He may perhaps obtain a specifick by applying to SALLY BASHFUL, at her "humble cot."

LAVINIA'S address to the Frogs is laid over for *next spring.*

The long delay of "*The choice of a Wife*" has not proceeded from any doubt of its merits. In this case we must own Editorial negligence, and leave apology to the kind construction of the contributor. It is designed for our next.

ERRATA.

In No. 37. p. 291, first col. line 22, for "*efficient* particles of the solar fire" read "*effluent* particles," &c.

In No. 38. p. 299, line 13 of Philetus for "*superstition*" read "*scepticism.*"

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